1488. i. 27.

THE

DIABOLIAD.

PART THE SECOND.

[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]

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THE
DIABOLIAD.
A
POEM.
PART THE SECOND.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF PART THE FIRST.

DEDICATED TO THE

WORST WOMAN

IN

HIS MAJESTY's DOMINIONS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

——————TO BE A QUEEN
IS WORTH AMBITION——

CHURCHILL.

LONDON:
Printed for J. BEW, No. 28, Pater-noſter-Row.
M.DCC.LXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 SEP 53

DEDICATION.

TO THE

WORST WOMAN

IN HIS

MAJESTY's DOMINIONS.

MADAM,

WHEN I looked into the World for a Man whoſe merits would entitle him to receive the Dedication of the Firſt Part of this Work, I found him in the rank of Nobility.——In purſuit of a ſimilar Character of your Sex, I am led to the ſame ſource; and I take the liberty of aſking your Ladyſhip's Patronage to the Second Part of it, as a perſon highly deſerving of the title to which this Addreſs is directed.

In the various views and deſigns of Life, there are not many who attain the completion of them. Some are, as it were, in a continual chace, and, from the cradle to the grave, do not appear to gain upon the flying object of their purſuit; like the antient Inhabitants of ARCADIA, who, after many endeavours to overtake the Sun, always found themſelves at the ſame diſtance

from it. Others ſeem to be continually on the point of attaining what they purſue, yet never attain it; like children who hunt their ſhadows, which, tho' they appear to be within their reach, are never to be caught: while there are ſome few, and but a few, whoſe wiſhes are fulfilled, and who live to compleat the Characters which have been the objects of their ambition; like thoſe fortunate Voyagers whom tempeſts have not threatened, nor dangers alarmed, and whoſe bark has been wafted by propitious gales to the haven where they would be. You ſeem, Madam, to be of the latter deſcription: I congratulate you upon it; and feel myſelf greatly beholden to your Ladyſhip for ſaving me much diſtraction and difficulty by affording me, in yourſelf, an indiſputable Patroneſs to the following pages.

To ſuch a title your merits preclude all conteſt; and even in theſe days of rivalry and competition, if an inquiry ſhould be made after *the Worſt Woman in his Majeſty's Dominions*, there is not, I am ſure, a daring individual of your Sex who would diſpute the ſuperiority with you.—Female envy will acknowledge it; and the love of Precedency, which is ſaid to be ſo darling a paſſion in the female breaſt, would moſt willingly give way to your ſupremacy in the line of life which you have choſen.

It is with real ſatisfaction that I acknowledge the conſummate merit of your Ladyſhip's Character. It has been your great object to attain it; and nothing leſs than the attention of your whole life could have been rewarded with ſuch compleat ſucceſs.——Much of Human Fame is owing to chance or accident; and there are but few who win their honours, as it were, ſtep by

 ſtep,

ſtep, and are indebted for them to their own activity and perſevering wiſdom. —You are, Madam, of that ſmall but meritorious Band, who have thus fairly gained the Titles which the Public Voice has beſtowed upon you.

It has been ſaid, that no man was ever conſidered as an Hero by his Valet-de-Chambre; by which I ſuppoſe we are to underſtand, that the greateſt men poſſeſs their littleneſſes, which, in the opinion of thoſe who have the opportunity of ſeeing them, will not fail to tarniſh the ſplendor of their greateſt actions.——An ALEXANDER THE GREAT roaring a drunken Catch, and a DUKE of MARLBOROUGH trembling at the tongue of his Wife, may ſerve for examples to illuſtrate the truth of the foregoing aſſertion. ——Your Ladyſhip, however, is an eminent exception to it; and I firmly believe, that the confidential attendant on your toilette ſees nothing in your moſt private actions, which belies the opinion of Mankind concerning you.

Your Lord, it is well known, bears his teſtimony in your favour; and thinks your perſon, character, and conduct, the moſt proper ſubjects of entertainment for the dirtieſt drabs of the loweſt brothels. Your Daughters alſo acknowledge, that, with many ſimilar notions, you have inſtilled into their boſoms a ſuſpicion of their Mother. Your Gallants, for the title of Lovers would diſgrace both yourſelf and them, add to the celebrity of your character by the bluſhing honours which adorn their own: and your Acquaintance, I mean the People of Faſhion who frequent your houſe, do you the credit to avoid, if poſſible, the ſitting down to any of your own card-tables, if they have the leaſt ſuſpicion that you are to be of the party.

——As

——As to Friends, they are out of the queſtion. To poſſeſs one Friend, would be to forfeit the title which I have given you; and to aim at deſerving friendſhip, would be to infringe upon that rare conſiſtency of conduct, which you have hitherto preſerved in a manner ſo peculiar to yourſelf.

I do not, Madam, purſue the ordinary courſe of flattering authors, who are too much diſpoſed to offer general aſſertions of their Patrons merit, without affording a ſingle proof that they poſſeſs it; or to invade the province of the Biographer, by a preciſe detail of the Lives and Converſations of thoſe perſons to whom they dedicate their labours. I have taken the middle path; and given that general ſketch of your character which will be ſufficient to prove the propriety of this Addreſs, and that I do not flatter nor deceive you when I declare, that LADY ——— is the very Worſt Woman in his Majeſty's Dominions.

I am, MADAM,

with all due reſpect,

Your LADYSHIP's

Moſt obedient, humble Servant.

———

THE

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PART THE SECOND.

THE clamours ceas'd;—but long the ſound was hurl'd,
In rumbling echoes, through th' Infernal World:
Each hollow cavern, blue with ſulph'rous flame,
Return'd the new-elected Monarch's name:
When SATAN 'roſe;—and thus he bid farewell
To Royal Honours and the Throne of Hell.

" Ne'er did I feel, O Peers! ſuch vaſt delight,
" Since I have rul'd the Realms of endleſs Night;

" Ne'er did Revenge, the inmate of my heart,
" Convey ſuch real joy through every part
" Of my big ſoul, as when the applauſive groan
" Of HELL call'd *I*— — to its Regal Throne.
" Man I deteſt!—His highly-favour'd Race,
" Form'd from our fall, and rais'd by our diſgrace,
" Have felt my conſtant fury from the day
" That liſt'ning EVE became an eaſy prey.
" Whate'er of ill has ſince annoy'd the Earth,
" I brought it forth——I gave the Miſchief birth.
" No crime throughout the World was ever known,
" But took its ſource from this vindictive Throne.
" Murder and Luſt are mine, they ſpring from Me,
" I gave them being, and by my decree
" They deſolate the Earth.——I give the word,
" And ſtrait is drawn the all-deſtroying ſword
" Of cruel War; as ſoon, the heaps of ſlain
" Gorge the fell vultures and pollute the plain.
" I light the brand of Democratic rage,
" And Sons with Fathers, Friends with Friends engage.

E'en

" E'en Beauty ſhrieks in vain, and infant blood
" O'erflows the cradle with a crimſon flood.
" The burning love of ſway, the vice of Kings,
" From the ſame certain ſource of evil ſprings:
" With pride or meanneſs I can Man deprave;
" I form the Tyrant, and I mould the Slave.
" Ill is my good!—I wage eternal ſtrife
" With every joy that ſweetens human life.
" Does HYMEN droop and mourn with downcaſt eye,
" His torch inverted and his ruin nigh?
" I baniſh from his breaſt the chaſte deſire
" That fans, with gentle breath, the amorous fire.
" Does Friendſhip from the croud herſelf ſeclude,
" Scar'd by the menace of Ingratitude?
" I drive her to the ſhades;—I raiſe the Sprite
" That chills her flowing bounties with affright.
" Does Honour 'gainſt the bribe his purpoſe hold?
" I ſtamp my image on the proffer'd gold;
" I ſharpen all his wants, and well I know
" The moment to ſecure the ſturdy foe.

Does

" Does fev'riſh Luſt turn his inſatiate eye
" Upon the virgin charms of Chaſtity?
" I give his form the lovelineſs of Youth;
" I teach his tongue to ape the ſtrain of Truth;—
" I fit her boſom to the winning praiſe,
" And aid the pleaſing flatt'ry that betrays.
" But when the Spoiler from the victim turns,
" And for another's charms intenſely burns;
" The ruin'd Fair-one ſeeks a friend in vain,
" Nor friends nor kindred will aſſuage her pain:
" To make her hopeleſs, I conſign her name
" To the foul blaſtings of malignant Fame;
" And when ſhe looks to Heav'n I check the prayer,
" And leave her to the tortures of Deſpair.
" When ghaſtly Murder roams abroad for food,
" Urg'd by the burning thirſt of human blood,
" I give the Fiend the unreluctant knife,
" Whoſe point lets out the purple ſtream of life.
" Is half-ſtarv'd Avarice, of ſpirit bold
" To practiſe any fraud that gets him gold?

Say,

" Say, does he tremble when a juſt demand
" Exacts ſome trifling tribute at his hand?
" The courage that performs the worthleſs deed,
" And fear that checks the Good, from Me proceed.
" The vengeful Man, who, of his purpoſe proud,
" Stalks 'mid the darkneſs of Night's ſable cloud,
" And waits, with ſteady zeal, to ſtrike the blow
" That rids him of his paſſion and his foe;
" From my ſuggeſtions, in his boſom keeps
" The rankling ſenſe of wrong that never ſleeps;
" Nor any reſpite knows, 'till in the breaſt
" Of him he hates his dagger is at reſt.
" Or, in the maſk of friendſhip, muſt he cheat
" Suſpicion ever jealous of deceit;
" I clothe his face in adamantine ſmile,
" That will for years the dark deſign beguile,
" If years, with tardy ſtep, muſt paſs away,
" Ere he, with deadly graſp, can ſeize the prey.
" Does the rich Youth, who, 'riſing from controul,
" Speaks the warm dictates of a vicious ſoul;

" Does he, impatient of a public name,
" Think cards, and dice, and whores, will give him fame?
" My watchful Spirits fail not to prepare
" The gilded phantom, and the painted ſnare:
" Some trim the Wanton's ſmiles, and ſome impart
" Unſettled notions of the Gambling Art:
" Beſieg'd by Noble Knaves who, wond'ring, bleſs
" The Pow'r that crowns their cunning with ſucceſs,
" He yields the atoms of his golden ſtore,
" Till they can win, and he can loſe no more.
" At length, he droops, each golden feather gone,
" And gaſping Reaſon tells him he's undone:
" Then, as, with wild deſpair, his Nature's wrung,
" I plant the Curſe on his blaſpheming tongue;
" With helliſh love, to eaſe his mortal pain,
" I guide the Bullet to his madd'ning brain.
" —Does the ſtern Son of Virtue, foe to ſtrife,
" Saunter along the private path of Life?
" Tho' aided by the Power that governs mine,
" He may defeat each obſtinate deſign

" Of Diabolic fraud, I never ceaſe
" With agonizing doubts to wound his peace;
" And, as he prays, I half avert his eye
" From the ſupporting ſuccours of the Sky.
" Or ſhould he mingle in the toils that wait
" Upon the public ſervice of the State;
" There ſtand, another ABDIEL, firm and bold,
" Whoſe ſteady purpoſe all-perſuaſive Gold
" Knows not to change,—whoſe well-determin'd Soul
" HELL ſtrives in vain to conquer and controul;
" Still I have arts to cloud his growing Fame,
" And darken half the Honours of his Name.
" But ſhould his warm and generous acts diſpel
" The duſky miſts of Envy and of HELL;
" Should dark Miſtruſt, enlighten'd by the rays
" Of Heav'n-inſpiring Virtue, ſing his praiſe;
" Still there's a Power behind who ſeldom fails,
" And 'gainſt deploring Virtue oft prevails:—
" SELF-INTEREST, always crawling on the Earth,
" From whence the ſubtle Paſſion drew its birth,

" Shall

" Shall form a faction 'gainſt the virtuous Man,
" And deep in miſchief frame th' unerring plan.
" Conſpiracy, of Day's broad beam afraid,
" By Midnight brought, ſhall give her welcome aid;
" While whiſp'ring Murder tells them that ſhe knows
" Where the ſharp Dagger's forg'd, and Henbane grows.
" Theſe will ſucceed;—the Poiſon or the Knife
" Muſt quench the luſtre of the good Man's Life.
" Virtue almoſt her heavenly form belies,
" When by the Villain's hand her Hero dies;
" Beſide his corpſe ſhe ſtands in doubtful mood,
" And Goodneſs almoſt trembles to be good.
" Such are our trophies!——Late on INDIA's ſhore
" This deed was done, and *P*— — is no more.

" Theſe acts of ſov'reign power I need not tell
" To you, ye ſable Counſellors of HELL,
" Whoſe ſage advice has help'd me to maintain,
" E'en to this hour, the glories of my reign;

" But

" But that the Peer whom, with united voice,
" You and your grateful King have nam'd their choice,
" Should know, ere I reſign my regal ſtate,
" The arduous toils that on this ſceptre wait;
" Should know what I, alas, ſo long have known,
" The cares, the fears, and ſorrows of a Throne.
" But now the time is come, this is the hour,
" When I ſhall bid farewel to royal power:
" With joy I lay the weighty honours down,
" Nor heave a ſigh, tho' I reſign a Crown.
" —Come then, elected Prince, and, from my hand,
" Accept this ſymbol of ſupreme command.
" This circlet, bright with many a flaming gem,
" Receive—'tis HELL's imperial Diadem!
" Aſcend, dread King,—poſſeſs your ſplendid Throne:---
" HELL and its vaſt domains are now your own!——

" And you, ye Peers, receive my kind adieu!
" Reſpected, honour'd, and belov'd by you,

" I long have reign'd; and if my ſov'reign power
" From earlieſt time to this departing hour
" Has ever ſlumber'd o'er th' important plan
" Of blaſting ev'ry virtuous hope of Man,
" May all my deeds of vengeance fruitleſs prove,
" And HELL's big hate be cheated into love."
Thus as he ſpoke, obedient clouds ſurround
His aged form, and lift him from the ground;
And as aloft their honour'd load they bear,
" Farewel!" he cried, and mingled with the air.
The roofs re-ecchoed, and each Cave of HELL,
With agonizing ſhrieks, return'd, " Farewel!"

Now ſolemn ſilence o'er the dark domain
Reſum'd a full but tranſitory reign.
Reluctant Torture did his ſtroke ſuſpend,
And Sorrow check'd its ſobbings to attend:
The raging Spirits curb'd the burſting groan,
To hear the gracious purpoſe of the Throne;

When

When the King roſe, and thus his lips diſpenſe
The firſt-fruits of his helliſh eloquence.

" If words, O Peers, could tell the ſenſe I feel
" Of your united grace, they ſhould reveal
" Throughout theſe Kingdoms what my lab'ring breaſt
" Strives to unfold, but cannot be expreſt.
" Words are but ſounds—by deeds I'll ſtrive to prove
" Worthy of this dread Empire and your Love:
" And if my life on Earth deſerv'd your praiſe;
" If, in the progreſs of my mortal days,
" I could attract regard from thoſe who dwell
" Down in the dark and deep Abyſs of HELL;
" Now, arm'd with all its pow'rs, I ſhall diſplay
" Such inbred zeal for Diabolic Sway,
" Throughout the Earth ſuch ſtreams of Vice ſhall flow,
" That HEAVEN itſelf will tremble at the foe.
" But, ere I can unfold my proud intent,
" I muſt demand, my Lords, your free conſent
" To get that needful help which will ſupply
" Thoſe means of oppoſition to the Sky,

" Which

" Which Angels will lament, and Devils enjoy:
" —*I want an* EVE *an* EDEN *to deſtroy!*—
" Why ſhould I grace a ſolitary Throne?
" It is not fit your King ſhould reign alone!
" HELL's ſplendor would augment, ſhould there be ſeen
" A Partner of my Throne, a faithful Queen!
" HELL's glory would increaſe, if female art
" Should aid us to corrupt the human heart.

" I late have left the World, and well I know
" That virtuous Woman is our ſureſt foe.
" To her benignant influence is given
" To ſmooth the road to Virtue and to Heaven;
" With calming ſmiles to chear the adverſe hour,
" And ſhield the heart againſt Infernal power.
" From hence, 'tis plain, to what my reas'nings tend,——
" That vicious Woman is our firmeſt friend.
" Nor need I tell you, in the path of Life,
" Who beſt can diſcord ſow and ſcatter ſtrife:

" What

" What art can beſt conceal the lurking guile,
" And hide th' envenom'd hatred in a ſmile;
" Can give to Luſt the unimpaſſion'd eye,
" And veil a ſtrumpet's face with modeſty;
" Whoſe tongue, while it applauds, can ſcandal raiſe,
" And wake ſuſpicion by its laviſh praiſe:
" Theſe, theſe are Woman's arts! Nor theſe alone;
" Our ſex they conquer, and corrupt their own.
" —Man ſhall in vain his utmoſt cunning try
" To lure the Virgin's heart.—Tho' he apply
" The moſt ſeducing arts, he ſhall not prove
" Succeſsful in the trade of lawleſs love:
" But let a female hand the ſnare diſguiſe,
" The luſtful Hunter ſoon enjoys the prize.
" From Man's attack the cautious Virgins run;
" Women by Women ſooneſt are undone.
" 'Tis Woman then muſt be our certain lure:
" Liſt Beauty on your ſide, and be ſecure
" That myriads of ſouls ſhall line your ſhore,
" And HELL, full-ſated, ceaſe to gape for more.

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" And HELL, full-ſated, ceaſe to gape for more.

" Theſe are my weighty thoughts; and ſhould they move
" Your Wiſdoms to applaud my zealous love,
" Inſtant the ſwift-wing'd Meſſengers of HELL
" Shall ſpeed to Earth, and the glad tidings tell
" Of your reſolves;—and ere the diſtant Sun
" Has in the heavens his daily circle run;
" Ere I can ſcour around, with haſty flight,
" The duſky realms of everlaſting Night;
" Whate'er of ill the World above can boaſt,
" In female form, ſhall grace the Stygian Coaſt:
" The blooming and the wrinkled ſhall appear
" Before your gates, and aſk admittance here.
" They ſhall prefer their ſev'ral claims; and ſhe
" On whom you fix your choice ſhall reign with Me.
" To you I owe my Throne, and well I mean
" From the ſame bounty to receive a Queen."

The Monarch ſpoke, and ſtrait throughout the bounds
Of utmoſt HELL th' aſſenting ſhriek reſounds.

The

The gladden'd Peers their grateful voices raiſe,
And in loud ſhoutings tell their Monarch's praiſe.
Each, from his brow, pluck'd off the fiery zone,
And bent in meek obeiſance to the Throne.

The winged Fiends, by ſecret impulſe, knew
Their Maſter's will, and on his errand flew:
With quick, inſtinctive motion they obey,
And ſpeed them on their unobſtructed way.
Ere they return, the ſable King prepares
To view the limits of his future cares.
His cloudy car the harneſs'd dragons bear
In rapid progreſs through the murky air.
So quick they wing it 'mid the realms of Night,
The Muſe, unable to attend their flight,
Will here repoſe a while, and patient wait
Till the ſtern Herald opes the thund'ring gate
To let the Claimants in,—and HELL renews her ſtate.

But

But lo!—the King returns;—around his car
The forked lightnings flash continual war;
And jarring thunders through the vault declare
SATAN enthron'd.—The ſummon'd Peers repair
On ſpeedy wing to aid the deep debate,
And 'round the throne in watchful ſilence wait.
But ſoon th' impatient Sovereign wav'd his hand:
The brazen doors unfold at his command;
And to the eyes of wondering HELL diſplay
The ready Claimants, whom the love of ſway,
And luſt of an Imperial Crown, invite
Down to the ſhades of everlaſting Night:
When SATAN 'riſing, with a voice as loud
As roaring ſeas, addreſs'd the liſt'ning crowd.

" Short is the ſpace ſince I, by HELL's decree,
" Receiv'd the gift of Immortality;
" And, with the general voice, was call'd to ſway
" The ſceptre which theſe duſky Realms obey.

" The

" But neither could the honours which await
" On this imperial charge, nor all the ſtate
" Of laviſh HELL, nor the revengeful power,
" The Devil's bliſs, to torture and devour
" Each earthly virtue, with the fix'd controul
" O'er ev'ry foul and unrepenting ſoul,
" Content my vaſt deſires:—here plac'd alone,
" I ſhould not feel the glories of my Throne.
" —To theſe Infernal Peers I told my care,
" And, with their kind conſent, from you, ye Fair,
" I ſhall elect a Conſort who will ſhine,
" Beneath this dome, a real PROSERPINE:
" Not ſuch as fabling Bards, in idle ſong,
" Have form'd to pleaſe a fond, deluded throng;
" Dull and inſipid, not a Woman grown,
" Who ſcream'd, tho' ſhe was raviſh'd on a Throne:
" For know, the Fair-one who ſhall ſhare my pride,
" Muſt be an artful, wicked, willing Bride;—
" Prone to all ill,—and whoſe relentleſs heart
" Is well prepar'd to act a Devil's part.

" ——If ye can hear the glowing Villain ſpeak
" Of rapes, nor feel a bluſh upon your cheek;
" If, in the fever of your raging fires,
" You've left the tender languiſh for deſires
" Which ne'er prevail, 'till Men no longer pleaſe,
" And Paſſion is not Nature, but Diſeaſe;
" If you deſpiſe an honourable name,
" Or think it folly to be well with Fame;
" If, at the dice, you riſk the very bread
" With which your little Infants ſhould be fed;
" If, in your youth, you play'd the Harlot's part,
" Or broke a fond and doating Huſband's heart,
" And in your age poſſeſs the forward zeal
" To feed thoſe paſſions you no longer feel;
" Let ſuch approach,—and ſhe who beſt can prove
" Theſe titles, ſhall be Mine, and ſhare My love:
" And to receive her, this puiſſant Throne
" Shall burn with ſplendors HELL has never known.
" Theſe, and whate'er my wiſhes can create,
" Shall form her Glory, and adorn her State.

" —In

" ---In order due, each Claimant will be heard,
" And ſhe who proves the Worſt ſhall be preferr'd."

The Monarch ceas'd to ſpeak,—and onward came
A haggard Form, and GERTRUDE * was her name.
To hide her ſallow cheeks kind Art had ſpread
Its death-like whiteneſs, and the ſtreaky red.
Sunk were her eyes, yet ſtill they could impart
The proud, diſdainful feelings of her heart;
Still aim to throw, tho' ſhe had long been grey,
The luring leer that courts to amorous play.
Tall was her port, and, in her faded mien,
Some trace of former dignity was ſeen.
Aſſuming courteous airs, ſhe thus expreſs'd
The wiſhes and the ſecrets of her breaſt.

* *And* GERTRUDE *was her name.*] I cannot aſſume to myſelf the merit of this well-applied appellation.---*Junius* was the Lady's Godfather, and from the firſt volume of his celebrated Letters, p. 206,---I have taken the liberty to borrow it.

" If earthly rank, O King, could yield a claim
" To ſhare your Throne, and bear the royal name
" Of HELL's Imperial Queen;—if to diſgrace
" By meaneſt deeds the honours of my race,
" Could, in your judgment, ſtamp that black renown,
" Which fits a Mortal to partake your Crown;
" All conteſt here would end, and HELL decree
" That you ſhould ſhare your ſable Throne with me.
" But whiſp'ring Dæmons tell me I muſt prove,
" By ſtated facts, that I deſerve your love.—
" Reſt then aſſur'd, that what I ſhall relate
" Virtue deteſts, and Devils cannot hate.

" Proud I have ever been;—but all my Pride
" Could never bluſter Meanneſs from its ſide.
" My Charity was never known to roam,
" Nor, for a moment, left her darling home;
" But at the Gaming-Table took her ſtand,
" And bore the golden Counters to my hand;

" Or

" Or ſtole the morſel from the daily board *
" To feed my private purſe, that golden hoard
" Which *B*— — knew not, and was only free
" To love and luſt, to *R*— — and to me.
" —Of power and of unrival'd wealth poſſeſt,
" I could, by bleſſing others, have been bleſt:
" From me the mourning Widow might have known
" To dry the tear, and curb the riſing groan:
" My kindneſs might have cheer'd the Orphan's heart,
" And, in his anguiſh, borne a Mother's part:
" To me decrepit Sorrow might have come,
" And found, within my walls, a certain home:

* *From the daily board.*] However incredible it may appear, it is well known that a Ducheſs now living was caught, by one of her ſervants, in the very act of appropriating his property to her own uſe. The ſtory is as follows: Her Groom of the Chambers, or ſome one in that capacity, having frequently miſſed the remains of the wax-lights which were his perquiſites, was reſolved, if poſſible, to diſcover the thief; and watching one night, after there had been a conſiderable illumination in the principal apartments, he caught a woman in the fact of robbing the girandoles, luſtres, *&c.* of the candles-ends. He naturally concluded it was one of the maid-ſervants, and was proceeding to make a very public and ridiculous example of her; but it proved to be no leſs a perſon than the Ducheſs, who was under the terrible neceſſity of declaring herſelf, to eſcape the chaſtiſement with which ſhe was threatened.

" The poor, deſerted Foundling, by my care,
" Might have been rock'd within its cradle there.
" But know, my Charity was better taught;
" And never gave away but when it brought
" Its welcome Uſury;—and then, to blind
" Suſpicion's eyes—I ventur'd to be kind.

" —A Son I had whom none did e'er excell,
" Whoſe name was lov'd in HEAV'N, and curs'd in HELL.
" He died!——A Nation's tears his loſs deplore,
" And VIRTUE cried, —" My Darling is no more!"
" Think you I wept, or ſought the mournful tomb,
" There told my griefs till ſorrow made me dumb?
" Think you I aſk'd the Skies to eaſe my care,
" Or give me ſtrength the weighty loſs to bear?
" Weeping to vulgar Beings may belong;——
" I felt but little, nor that little long *.

* *Nor that little long.*] This moſt excellent Mother, within a very ſhort time after the death of her only and moſt amiable ſon, had a public Route at her houſe in Town.

" My

" My form array'd in black, my ſpirits too,
" For ſome ſhort time, aſſum'd a ſable hue.
" To drive the ſickly horrors from my heart,
" Pleaſure and Cards apply their healing art;
" And ere two months, two little months, were o'er,
" I was myſelf,---and horror was no more.
" —His conſtant Widow, deep immers'd in woe,
" Sunk, like a blaſted flower, beneath the blow,
" Nor ever ſmil'd again; the biting grief
" Seiz'd on her vitals, and defy'd relief.
" But pitying Fate ſoon calm'd the rankling care;
" And one kind grave contains the faithful Pair.
" *My* tears were ſuch as thoſe brave Women ſhed,
" Who watch the diſtant war and ſpoil the dead:
" Each jewel that ſhe wore I ſeiz'd and ſold,
" And brib'd my ſorrows with the welcome gold *.

* *With the welcome gold.*] When her incomparable Daughter-in-law died, this woman, who was the wife of a man poſſeſſed of ſixty thouſand pounds a-year, ordered all her wardrobe and trinkets to be ſold, and pocketed the money.

The

" At length, the hot, imperious B--- ---died,
" And I poſſeſs'd the Widow's jointur'd pride.
" Freed from the bondage of a peeviſh Lord,
" Whom young I never lov'd, and old abhorr'd,
" I felt, or ſeem'd to feel, renew'd deſire
" Thrill through my veins its animating fire.
" Thus re-inflam'd, again I wiſh'd to wed,
" And woo'd the ſturdy ſtripling to my bed:
" But *C*— — — left me for his ſniv'ling Whore,
" And wretches dar'd to ſcoff at LEWD THREESCORE *.
" Such are the merits which you muſt approve,
" Such are the charms which wake Infernal love."

* The following extempore *Jeu d'eſprit* will, probably, be remember'd by the generality of my polite readers.——It was ſaid to flow from the acknowledg'd wit of the Hon. Mr. F— —.

L—d C——y to the D——ſs of B——: or,
The UNCONSCIOUS LOVERS:

CHLOE declares, that tho' my heart
Trembles its paſſion to impart,
Her piercing eyes can view it:
She ſays I love her——'twould afflict her
Should I preſume to contradict her,
But hang me if I knew it.

She

She ſpoke and paſs'd along;—behind her came,
In ſable garb array'd, a luſty Dame:
And much ſhe wept, and with deep ſighs deplor'd
A ſecond Huſband loſt, a firſt reſtor'd.
But ſoon ſhe wip'd the tears from off her cheek,
And, in firm accents, thus began to ſpeak:

" Friendleſs on earth, unleſs you call them friends,
" Who offer kindneſs for their private ends,
" Who, lur'd by hopes of gain, will ſay they love,
" But, when thoſe hopes are paſt, unfaithful prove;
" Before your Throne I come to plead my cauſe,
" And aſk protection from Infernal Laws.
" Spoil'd, pilfer'd, harraſs'd, driven from my home,
" I've long been forc'd on foreign ſhores to roam.
" The demon Law from off theſe temples tore
" The ducal circlet which my *K*— — bore.
" To aid vexation, a blood-thirſty brood
" Robb'd me of all the rights of widow-hood;

" Made me before the judging Peerage ſtand,
" And at the awful bar hold up my hand,
" While the deriding Imps encreas'd my fears,
" Laugh'd at my pangs, and gloried in my tears;
" Then ſunk me to the very dregs of life,
" From *K*——'s Widow into *B*——'s Wife.
" The *firſt* is now a ſaint above the ſky,
" Enthron'd in HEAVEN with thoſe who never die:
" Nor need I, to your awful preſcience, tell,
" How ſoon the *laſt* will take his ſeat in HELL.
" ——The ſenſe of wrongs like theſe will never reſt;
" Revenge is now the tyrant of my breaſt:
" 'Tis not the love of rule, or wiſh to reign,
" That turn'd my footſteps to this dark domain:
" Revenge has led me here,——Revenge alone
" Excites a wiſh to ſhare your Princely Throne.
" If then this paſſion, as our Sages tell,
" Owes its exiſtence to the King of HELL,
" I bear, within my ſoul, a rightful claim
" To all the honours of a Conſort's name."

She

She paus'd,—and lo! a troop of Nymphs advance,
Who weave with nimble feet the mazy dance.
Their Miſtreſs follow'd, in whoſe lively mien,
Pleaſure, and Love, and Foolery were ſeen.
A flow'ry wreath her flowing treſſes deck,
That fall in wavy ringlets on her neck:
O'er her ſlim ſhape, with careleſs art, was drawn
An half-tranſparent robe of ſnowy lawn,
Whoſe idly-waving folds, by turns, reveal
Myſterious beauties; and, by turns, conceal.
Conſcious of youth and paſſion, thus ſhe ſpoke,
And half in earneſt ſeem'd, and half in joke.

" If amorous lures, my Lords, and roguiſh eyes
" Could win your wiſhes, I ſhould gain the prize.
" If an ambitious * Huſband could but bribe
" With glittering ore your venerable tribe;

* *If an ambitious Huſband.*] Ambition, in theſe days, is ſtrangely modified. State honours, and ſome kind of political power, which this paſſion has been generally underſtood to make its chief objects, are frequently forgotten for the ſupremacy of a Brothel, the lead of a Faſhion, the guidance of a Phaeton, the diſplay of a Miſtreſs, or getting rid of a Wife.

" If

" If this, like Mortal Senates, could not hold
" Its purpoſe 'gainſt the eloquence of gold;
" Within this palace he would ſoon appear,
" And empty half his mines to fix me here *.
" —For me, the glories of Imperial pride
" Warm not my heart, nor do my wiſhes guide:
" For princely favour I'll ne'er bend the knee,
" I know the cheat,—I've taſted Royalty.
" —Eternal Charms I want;—I ſeek to ſhare
" Thoſe laſting Beauties which deriding Care,
" Nor envious Time can wrinkle or impair.
" Does ſuch a bleſſed lot await the Bride,
" Whom you ſhall name to triumph by your ſide?

* *And empty half his mines to fix me here.*] It is very well known, I believe, that two noble Lords, *at leaſt*, have offer'd very great ſums to any one who would produce thoſe proofs of criminality in their Wives which would effectuate a divorce. The time has been when Cuckoldom was rather in diſcredit; but now, a Peer of the Realm will give ten thouſand Pounds to have his horns expoſed and examined by the Spiritual, Civil, and Parliamentary Courts of Juſtice.

" And

" And will you, when the finish'd task of power
" Yields to repose, in the soft am'rous hour
" Of wanton dalliance, change your awful charms,
" And pant a fierce *Adonis* in my arms;
" While my blood rages with exhaustless fires,
" And added pulses quicken new desires?
" If such the joys which anxious HELL prepares
" For her it calls to sooth its Monarch's cares,
" I would a fond, enamour'd Consort prove,
" And give new relish to a Devil's love.
" —But if deep frauds and dark designs alone
" Can form pretensions to your splendid Throne,
" Vain is my aim;—for all my vices lie
" In one poor, simple crime——ADULTERY.
" I wish no ill, nor am to mischief prone;
" I'm hostile to no interests but my own.
" Tho' mine's a pliant temper, and your skill
" Might shape my yielding nature to your will:
" And sure, in HELL, as well as Mortal Life,
" Compliance is a virtue in a Wife.

" To prove theſe truths,—there's evidence in HELL;—
" Let MONTAGUE be call'd, for He can tell."

She ſpoke, and mingled with the circling Throng,
Who chaunted amorous notes, and danc'd along.

The next, a bulky form came on, that wore
A female mantle, though her features bore
A manly ſhape, and would almoſt perplex
A matron's judgment to declare the ſex:
Long curling hairs upon her chin appear'd
Of colour grey, and form'd a ſtraggling beard;
Gems, of uncouth device, together ſtrung,—
Around her neck in ſtrange diſorder hung;
And on her thumb ſhe wore a ring would buy
Half of a *German* Principality.

—On either ſide a blooming Nymph was ſeen,
Bright in the bluſh and beauty of fifteen;
Around their necks her wither'd arms were lay'd,
And on their breaſts her amorous fingers play'd:

At length the neutral ſhape its ſtory told,
And, in hoarſe murmurs, thus the accents roll'd:

" I ne'er was able, e'en when I was young,
" To ſpeak the muſic of a flattering tongue:
" Grown old, how ſhall I frame a ſoothing tale,
" Or hope ſucceſs where varniſh'd words prevail?
" But I poſſeſs, dread Sire, a pow'rful friend,
" Who to your Throne my virtues will commend.

" Ere I deſcended from the World above,
" I ſought him in a garden's green alcove:
" PRIAPUS is his name; and on his ſhrine
" I pour'd the ruddy ſtreams of coſtly wine.
" To grace the rites, ſix virgin cocks I ſlew;
" Their life-warm rills his bloated cheeks bedew;
" Then daſh their haſty ſprinklings on his breaſt,
" While leſſer ſtreams ſink down beneath the veſt,
" Whoſe crimſon folds my fingers twin'd around
" His ſturdy waiſt, and with a fillet bound.

" Thus

" —Thus as I paid my vows,—with graceful care,
" Attending Nymphs the flowery crown prepare:
" The ſnow-drop and the flaunting crocus vie,
" With verdant myrtle, who can beſt ſupply
" A chaplet for the god; while all combine
" To form the wreaths which deck the brow divine.
" —Then, from my fingers, I an offering drew,
" A ſapphire, work'd with rare device, and blue
" As the dark flames belch'd forth from yonder cave,
" With rubies, glowing as the ſtreams that lave
" Yon fiery fields:—To theſe an onyx rare
" I join'd, preſerv'd with unremitted care,
" That ſtill retain'd thoſe beauties which it wore,
" When Art firſt grav'd it on the GRECIAN ſhore.
" Upon the deep indented ſurface it diſplay'd
" A naked Naiad in the ruſhes laid,
" While lurking Satyrs watch'd th' unconſcious maid.
" Such wond'rous art the Maſter's hand had ſhewn,
" That, in the gloſſy labours of the ſtone,

" Her

" Her boſom ſeem'd to heave, her cheeks to glow,
" While round her charms the wond'ring waters flow.
" Nor had he mark'd, with leſs excelling ſkill,
" The Monſter's letch'rous looks and wanton will.
" —The god receiv'd the gifts, and ſhew'd his grace
" By lucky omens on the ſacred place:
" Two am'rous Sparrows to the Altar came,
" And, in my ſight, indulg'd their mutual flame;
" Then fled away;—I hail'd the gracious ſign,
" And kiſs'd, with grateful zeal, the holy Shrine.
" —The reſt, my Liege, by means unknown to me,
" Some meſſage, from my Patron Deity *,
" Will ſoon impart, and every virtue tell,
" By which I claim to be the Queen of HELL."

* *Some meſſage from my patron Deity.*] If any objection ſhould be made to the introducing of a Pagan Deity to a Chriſtian Devil, I ſhall beg leave to obſerve, that it is perfectly conſiſtent with the notions we are taught to frame of both. The Devil, being the parent of falſhood, in whatever ſhape it may appear, whether civil or religious, the Pagan divinities, which my readers, without doubt, will acknowledge to be falſe ones, muſt proceed from him. This conſideration, I truſt, will, at once, acquit me of the leaſt breach of mythological propriety.

She ceas'd to ſpeak,—but long her words rebound,
And Echo labour'd with the rumbling ſound.

To her ſucceeds a form of different mould,
Briſk, pert and airy,—inſolent and bold;
Dreſs'd up by Folly, in fantaſtic mood,
Who well had hid all trace of Widowhood.
Her daring looks that want of ſhame diſplay'd,
Which wounds the Married Fair,—but damns the Maid.
Unaw'd by SATAN's pomp,—ſhe wav'd her fan,
And thus her motley Argument began.

" I've ventur'd here, you ſee, dread Sir, to ſport.
" A figure, in your Diabolic Court;——
" And if your lights were ſnuff'd, and I was ſeen,
" I'm certain you'd elect me for your Queen:
" And were I ſeated on your royal Throne,
" I'd give a taſte for pleaſure never known
" Within your Realms:—New projects of delight
" Should form a Paradiſe in endleſs night.

" —Poſſeſs'd

" ---Poſſeſs'd of ſuch domains,---ſo highly plac'd,
" You're doubly curs'd to be unbleſs'd with Taſte:
" Eternal lamps ſhould diſſipate the gloom,
" And ſulph'rous odours yield to ſweet perfume:
" While bands of Spirits ſhould expand their throats,
" And drown theſe yells with their angelic notes.
" Tho' not of royal birth,---I, yet, have known
" The love of one who border'd on a Throne;—
" And all who ſee muſt own my dazzling charms
" Would tempt a Monarch to my willing arms:
" Dukes, Lords, and Commoners, alike have ſtrove
" To gain my favour, and ſecure my love;
" And much I joy'd to ſee the gaudy crowd
" Sigh for my ſmiles, and of my notice proud.
" But ſince, by Envy brib'd, the ſtrumpet Fame
" Has dar'd to blaſt my honourable name;
" Since cold Diſcretion waves her nerveleſs hand,
" To chill their warmth who bow'd at my command;
" I hate whate'er is found in Mortal Life,
" And here prefer my claim to be your Wife;---

" And

" And ere I've reign'd one hour, all HELL ſhall know
" New pleaſures, and the Damn'd forget their woe."
—She ſaid no more, but with low rev'rence bow'd
On either ſide, and mingled with the crowd.

And now advancing, ſtep by ſtep, there came
A pallid, ſobbing, melancholy Dame:—
The ſable robes which Widows wear, ſhe wore,
And in her hand the moiſten'd linen bore.
At length, ſhe wip'd the waters from her cheek,
And, in faint accents, thus began to ſpeak.

" To ſeek your proffer'd Throne I hither came,
" Warm with Ambition's animating flame;
" But as I paſs'd your gates,—all pale and wan,
" The ghaſtly ſpectre of a murder'd Man
" Came 'thwart my way; his glaring eye-balls ſtood
" Fix'd in their ſockets, all beſtain'd with blood:
" In either hand he wav'd a gory knife,
" Then ſhew'd a deadly wound, and call'd me Wife:

" I am

" I am thy Huſband ſtill, he wildly cried,—
" Thou know'ſt me well,—my name is SUICIDE:
" And doſt thou hope in theſe abodes to reign?
" Thy hopes are fruitleſs, and thy wiſhes vain!
" Ne'er ſhall you more engender nuptial ſtrife,
" Nor make a doting huſband blaſt his life:
" 'Tis yours to mourn a lonely widow'd ſtate,
" And weep, with bitter tears, my ſorry fate.
" Haſte then from hence, and, in the realms of day,
" May pale Contrition waſh your ſtains away!
" Behold I plunge theſe daggers in my breaſt;
" That is the ſheath, he cried, where they muſt reſt.
" Think not their points deſtroy;—their ſtroke is vain!
" I only ſuffer death to live again;——
" I only live again,—again to die!
" And, as he wildly ſpoke, he lifted high
" His angry arms,---and, in the bleeding wound,
" The driven blades a well-known paſſage found.
" He fell;---the dragon Dæmons ſeiz'd their prey,
" And on ſwift pinions bore his form away.

" Confus'd, alarm'd, and ſhuddering at the ſight,
" I fain would turn me from the ſhades of Night.
" Chang'd are my thoughts, and now I only claim
" To be reſtor'd to Earth, from whence I came."

—The King commands,—and quick the Dame is hurl'd
Back to the lightſome confines of the World.

Now, ſputtering vulgar words, and talking loud,
A Matron fought her paſſage through the crowd,
And in her hands, victorious trophies! bore
Fragments of caps and ribbons ſhe had tore
From off the heads, and necks, and arms of thoſe
Who dar'd her progreſs to the Throne oppoſe.
The venom'd ſpite that rankled in her heart,
Did from her eyes its noxious glances dart
On all around, and every Claimant there
Was doom'd, if looks could do it, to deſpair.
Art, that ſo well preſerves the fading grace,
Could not conceal the wrinkles of her face;

Beneath

Beneath its glowing crimſon there appears
The mark of more than five-and-fifty years.
—Behind her follow'd an inferior name,
Whom FASHION had exalted into fame;
But ſick'ning at her follies, pull'd her down,
And left her almoſt naked on the Town.
Pity'd by none, abandon'd to deſpair,
Beneath her loving Aunt's propitious care,
She hop'd, in HELL, ſome courtly grace to ſhare.
—Order reſtor'd,—the Matron thus made known
Her right to ſit with SATAN on his Throne:

" They who have well obſerv'd me through my life,
" Or in my *Maiden* ſtate, or as a *Wife*,
" Have by this title mark'd their honeſt praiſe,—
" ---*The* MESSALINA *of theſe modern days* *.

* MESSALINA *of theſe modern days.*] *Meſſalina* was the wife of the *Roman* Emperor *Claudius*, infamous for her debaucheries, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. for which, I think it is ſaid, ſhe ſuffer'd death.

" To

" To aid their words, my Husband would declare,
" I well deserve the character I bear †:
" Tho', could I chuse, I'd build my hopes of fame
" Upon the merits of a *Mother's Name.*
" Throughout our World, not one, I think, would dare
" To be my rivals in maternal care.
" E'en in their very cradles, I began
" To fit my Daughters for the use of Man:
" Each nat'ral blemish did with art conceal,
" And ev'ry rising charm with care reveal.
" To form their growing minds was not my trade;
" I could not give their understandings aid,---
" But left them to the teachings of their Maid,
" Who ply'd, with honest zeal, her utmost care
" To make them read and mutter forth a prayer.

† *I well deserve the character I bear.*] I have really heard of a Husband who was so ambitious of his Wife's affections, as to promote, rather than obstruct, her infidelities to his bed; and who had such an opinion of her honesty as, when he had been robbed to a very considerable amount, to caution the Officers of Justice if, in their enquiry after the offenders, they should have the least reason to suspect that his Wife was concerned, to prosecute the matter no further, and to give him immediate information.

" ---Mine

" ---Mine was a nobler taſk,——to form the grace,
" To plant the wanton dimple in the face ;
" To aid the ſmile, and give the winning art
" That lures to Beauty's ſnare the careleſs heart ;
" To make them conſcious of their charms, and pleaſe
" With open air, and unaffected eaſe :——
" And if the Girls were here, my Lords, they'd tell
" That my maternal care has anſwer'd well.
" Tho' one indeed, and ſhe was beſt belov'd,
" To all my fondneſs moſt ungrateful prov'd :
" But I was well reveng'd :—When all was gay,
" I curs'd the *Vixen* on her *Wedding-day* : —
" Againſt her entrance ſhut my angry gate,
" And turn'd my love at once to laſting hate *.

* *To laſting hate.*] If a young Lady, previous to her marriage, ſhould intreat her Father not to ſuffer the money that he may propoſe to expend in ornaments, &c. for the occaſion to paſs through her Mother's hands, aſſigning as a reaſon for her requeſt, that ſhe would pocket half of it, there would be ſome grounds to think her a *vixen* indeed, and a very ſorry one:—but if we ſhould be convinced that her good Mother had really play'd this profitable game on the marriages of two of her Siſters, our diſpoſition to blame the young Lady would be converted into an admiration of her ſpirit, in withſtanding ſo baſe a fraud.

" To chilly Friendſhips I could ne'er deſcend;
" Lovers I've had, but never knew a Friend.
" The burning ſtream that hurried through my veins
" In my young girliſh days, in age remains.
" E'en now I feel th' invigorating fire;—
" Devils alone can quell the fierce deſire.
" But other paſſions other wants impart;
" Luſt warms my blood, the Love of Gold my heart:
" Theſe rule my ſoul with an alternate ſway,
" And, as they rule, I willingly obey.
" When Luſt prevails,—the ſturdy Stallion's led
" To act his letch'ries on my Huſband's bed.
" When Av'rice takes its turn,—the glitt'ring ore
" By ſly manœuvres ſwells my pilfer'd ſtore.
" —My houſe your temple is;—the Sabbath due
" To HEAVEN'S HIGH LORD, I conſecrate to you:
" And on the evening of that ſacred day
" I ſacrifice to revelry and play *.

* *I ſacrifice to revelry and play.*] This perſon was one of the firſt, if not the very firſt of thoſe who, to enliven the dullneſs of the Sabbath, had a public rout every *Sunday* evening.——It required ſome degree of courage to eſtabliſh this buſineſs;—but, I believe, in the way of worldly wiſdom, it has anſwered.

" Such

" —Such are my merits, and by ſuch alone
" I claim to be your Spouſe, and ſhare your Throne."
She ſpoke, and tow'rds the King a wiſhful eye
She fondly caſt, and hop'd a kind reply.
When, from behind, a claiming voice was heard,
And ſoon an aged, ſtately Dame appear'd:
Already rob'd for ſov'reign rule, ſhe bare
The ermine dreſs which ſacred Monarchs wear;
Nor deign'd with ſuppliant look to aſk a Throne,
But thus demanded what ſhe thought her own.

" I come to claim my right, if Mortals know
" To whom belong the honours You beſtow.
" Nor need I to your awful Highneſs tell,
" That they have long declar'd me *Queen of Hell.*
" This title they conferr'd with general voice,
" And I require that you confirm their choice.
" The deed yourſelf contriv'd, you muſt approve;
" Haſte then, and take me to your Throne and Love."

She ſaid no more.——The Peers, in ſilence, wait,
Revolving in their dubious minds the fate

Of their Infernal Throne,—and who ſhould ſhare
With their Imperial King, imperial Care.
E'en for a while the Monarch ſeem'd to muſe,
Uncertain which to take, or to refuſe;
And ere he could reſolve, a ſullen Shade
Stalk'd tow'rds the Throne, and her remonſtrance made.
Her ſplendid form was faded,——and no more
Upon her head the ducal crown ſhe wore.
Luſt, in a Negro's ſhape array'd, and Pride
Took their ſupporting ſtations by her ſide.

" I come not here," ſhe ſaid, " to c inge and ſue
" For honours to my rank and nature due;
" But, in the name of every Female Ghoſt,
" Whoſe fate's decreed, whoſe ſoul's for ever loſt,
" This day's unjuſt proceeding to oppoſe,
" That aggravates the pain of endleſs woes.
" ——If your Infernal Wiſdoms have obey'd
" Our Monarch's ardent wiſhes, and to aid
" The purpoſes of HELL, have thought it meet
" A Queen ſhould grace our King's imperial ſeat,

" I laud

" I laud the deed; but wherefore ſummon down
" From Earth your Claimants for the Infernal Crown?
" And is it thus our choſen Sov'reign proves
" His firm affection to the realm he loves?
" What,—cannot HELL, from all its ſulph'rous caves,
" Or off the toſſing of its fiery waves,
" Call forth one Female Dæmon fit to wear
" The ſiſter-crown to that his temples bear!——
" —Since you, ye grov'ling Peers, could thus deſcend
" From your high Natures, and untimely bend
" To aſk a Mortal aid; ye ſoon ſhall know
" The flaming vengeance of a Female foe.
" The deed has rais'd that enmity in HELL,
" Which his uplifted ſceptre will not quell.
" Millions of Female Fiends are on the wing
" Arm'd to dethrone your new-elected King:
" And, from their own victorious bands, they mean
" To chuſe a potent and ſelf-reigning Queen.
" —Think not I ſpeak in fables;——from afar,
" I hear the tumults of approaching war."
—And, as ſhe ſpoke, high in the dome appear'd
Diſcord's wild form;—the hiſſing ſerpents rear'd

Their angry creſts around her direful head,
And from her hands the ſparkling torches ſhed,
Among th' aſtoniſh'd crowd, their raging flame;
Arrous'd, they call upon their Monarch's name;—
Then form a radiant circle 'round the Throne,
To guard the Royal Honours and their own.

Nor did the hoſtile Bands their flight delay;
On ruſtling wing they ſpeed them on their way.
Revenge led on the Van, and in the Rear,
The Furies, arm'd in all their wrath, appear.
---Affrighted HELL re-echoed to the roar,
In burſting thunders on the Stygian ſhore.

Here ceaſe, my Muſe,——and upwards take thy flight,
From the dark regions of eternal Night,
To feel the cheering Sun, and, in his ray,
For ſome ſhort ſeaſon, to diſport and play:
Then, with recruited ſtrength, thy ſong ſhall tell
The well-fought Battles and the Fate of HELL.

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